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ing and instructive, and is animated throughout with a wholesome and hearty, but at the same time intelligent patriotism. We would suggest to the author a supplementary volume, in which he should draw more amply from the sources he has pointed out, and give us a sort of commonplace book of American travel, arranged under the various heads of social, climatic, and ethnological characteristics, Indian captivities, and the like. But we will not look too narrowly into the mouth of a gift-horse with so many good qualities. We thank Mr. Tuckerman for the result of his industry, and especially for having enriched his book with an excellent Index, which makes it all that could be desired for reference.

12.—*Enoch Arden, &c.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1864. pp. 204.

If this volume had been published anonymously, it would have passed as the work of a clever imitator of Tennyson. The poet seems to have reached that point, which only the greatest escape, where the imitation of one's former self begins. We have the trick of versification and expression in a measure disproportionate to the amount of meaning. The greatest poets are inimitable because their manner is the manner of their thought, and not of the vehicle which conveys it. That Tennyson is so much of a mannerist helps us in assigning him his true rank as a poet, and that rank must be finally determined less by contemporary pre-eminence than by the valid superiority which rests on a comparison of wider compass and more permanent relations. Tennyson, it appears to us, belongs to the highest order of minor poets, and there is always danger with such, that as the inspiration recedes the shell of manner only will be left. No man ever carved a single image, or embodied a single sentiment, with more delicate elaboration. Catullus himself does not excel him in that delicious simplicity which is the highest result of art, and few even of the greatest poets have equalled him in the truth and beauty of his descriptive epithets; but perfect as his smaller pieces confessedly are, his longer poems show a lack of continuity and grasp, and are rather successions of beautiful fragments than organic wholes. His range is exclusively that of the sentiments. He carves in ivory, and illuminates on vellum. Among contemporaries, we think Browning his superior in power of conception, Clough in depth and variety of thought; but in *tone* he has no equal. There are many salient verses, decuman waves of expression, many exquisite felicities of phrase in this volume, but, compared with "Maud," the greater part of it is poet-laureatry rather than poetry.